

Add to Cart

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Add to Cart

by [DangerDoodle](#)

Summary

Based on the "Giving my Friends \$5,000 to Spend on Amazon" video.

\$320 is a weird amount for a giveaway, and George knows the perfect item to buy.

Notes

This is my first fanfiction in a while. I love Dream and George's videos and I respect whatever kind of relationship they have. I in no way mean any disrespect to them or mean to harm them in any way. I noticed that there aren't many mature works about them, at least I haven't been able to find many. I write this in a way so as to normalize homosexual relationships, and I in no way intend to fetishize gay relationships. I have a few one-shot ideas and then I'll write an actual story. If you have any recommendations, comment them down below. Once again, I respect Dream, George, their relationship, and their sexualities. This work is intended to be pure fiction and is my weird way of showing support. Please do not read if you are not 16 years of age or older. Thank you.

Shopping

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"George is giving away three-hundred and **twenty-one** dollars, an epic giveaway. Everyone go subscribe to him right now," Dream announced. George waited for him to tell all the viewers to buy his merch and to subscribe.

When Dream was finally done, George was nearly bursting with excitement. "Dream. I was thinking... isn't three twenty a strange number for a giveaway? Wouldn't it be better if it was a cleaner number? Like three-hundred?"

"Well, I already did the end for the video, but if you want to buy something else, I could probably add it in somewhere," Dream said, about to start recording again.

George laughed nervously. "I actually think it would be better if we didn't include this part in the video." Dream frowned, not quite getting what he was hinting at.

"Okay... What did you want to buy?" Dream sighed, knowing it was going to be something dumb George was too ashamed to search up in front of the viewers. "Are you gonna go back and get those Durex?" He joked.

George blushed and tried to laugh it off. "I'm not talking about condoms Dream!"

"That's true," Dream nodded. "You don't need them since I'm all the way across the freaking Atlantic Ocean."

"Ugh, don't remind me." George adjusted himself in his chair, trying to get the courage up to just say it. "Anyway... I wanted to get some toys."

Dream burst out laughing. "I didn't know you still played with toys? Or do you just collect action figures?"

"Dreeeam, that's not what I meant," George whined. Where's SapNap when you need him? He's usually the brains of the bunch. "Dream, I didn't mean action figures, I meant a... different kind of toys."

Dream settled down, clearing his throat. "Oh? Then why don't you show me?" George shifted uncomfortably, his blush visibly darkening. He just sat silently, blushing down at his keyboard. "Well?" Dream said. "I'm waiting."

Clearing his throat, George straightened up in his seat and searched up **Anal plugs**. "Interesting. I thought you were a good boy, George. Honestly, I think I'm kind of disappointed in you," Dream put his hands over his face, "What happened to you?" He sobbed.

George snorted. "Dream stop. We've been dating for a year and we were friends before that. You knew I wasn't 'a good boy,' so stop it and help me pick one." Dream nearly fell off his ass laughing.

"No, no, you're right. You've always been naughty. You're always moaning in our videos trying to get a reaction out of me." Dream took a sip of water and admired the red on George's face before focusing on the products in front of him. "These are all plugs. They're meant more for long-term

use, not really for play. Wouldn't you rather get a dildo?"

"Wow, are you saying the idea of me being stuffed full while thinking of your cock in there doesn't turn you on? You offend me." George pretended to be hurt.

Dream choked. Unable to respond, he drank some more water, desperately thinking of something to say. "George. Baby. There is nothing I want more than fill you with my cock. But more than that, I want to be close to you. Getting a plug won't make you feel closer to me. It'll feel good, sure, but that feeling won't last forever. Eventually, it'll feel less sexual and you'll just get used to wearing it. But if you get a dildo, you can fuck yourself every night, and it'll always feel like you're having sex. That's how you'll feel closer to me."

George laughed, "Oh my God, Dream. I thought you were actually going to say something touching. Here, how about this. How about I get both a plug and a dildo? Then I'll have both to choose from and both to use?"

"Sounds good to me," Dream said. "Wait. I thought you were only going to spend \$20? Getting both definitely sounds like more than \$20." George smirked. He may be dumb, but he's not stupid. He thought Dream would ask.

"Aren't you going to pay for the rest, Dream?" George batted his eyelashes. "Pretty please, with a cherry on top?"

Dream laughed. "What the fuck? No. I already gave you 5k. What do you mean 'aren't you going to pay for the rest'?"

George pretended to sniff, and wiped at his eyes, barely holding his laughter. He looked straight at the camera, "but Dreeeam. You're so far. I just want to feel you, even if it isn't real." He bit his lower lip, pulling on it with his teeth. "Please Dream. Buy me the toys, don't you want me to play with them on camera for you? Don't you want to see me moaning and begging for you in this chair? Come on, please Dream?" He smirked, knowing he had Dream right where he wanted him, except for his room of course.

Dream sighed, giving in to the little devil. "Fine, you little shit. But only because you're my boyfriend and I love you. It's not because I can't wait to see you do what you've promised."

"Sure," George laughed. He looked at the different products for a bit, finally giving up. "Which one is the best? I don't know much about these things."

Dream scanned the products and told George he was innocent after all. "Since you're a beginner, you should probably get something more standard. Don't get a larger one, since you're not used to having things in your ass for a long time. Get the third one; it's not too big, only 3.2 inches long, and the base is 2.4 inches wide. You'll have to keep it well lubricated. Do you have any lube?"

George smiled. Dream was always so caring. "Yeah, I've got some. Hold on, let me go see." George left the camera's frame, returning a few moments later with a bottle of generic lube.

"Aww," Dream started. "It's not flavored? I thought you'd buy the flavored ones. Maybe cherry or strawberry, you know?"

"What the fuck, Dream? It's a lubricant, not a juice. Besides, if I were to get a flavoured lube, it'd definitely be chocolate flavoured, but I doubt they make that." George ignored Dream's muttered *you'd be surprised* and went on. "Besides, why would I buy flavoured lube if I'm alone here? I'm not just going to eat it."

Dream groaned. "You keep saying this like it's my fault. It's not my fault we're like this. I promise I'll fly you out when I can. After I move, like I told you before. Just hold on a little longer, okay baby?"

"Fine," George huffed. "Just know I'm getting impatient. I can't wait to be with you in person. I hate not being able to be with you."

"I know, baby boy. I yearn for the day when we can finally embrace," Dream said, smiling at George's giggle. "Look at me, I'm becoming all sappy because of you." Dream watched George smile for a bit, finally asking, "Do you still want to buy the things?"

George blushed, remembering what they were doing. He thought for a moment, debating whether he still wanted to go through with it. "Yes," he decided. "I think it'll be fun." Dream smiled at him, nodding slightly at his decision. He looked something up on his phone before speaking up:

"What's the base for your lube?"

George read the label, frowning. "It says it's silicone-based.

Dream nodded. "A silicone base is ideal. Click on the plug real quick." Dream scanned the details of the plug, sighing. "You see under where it says materials? It says the plug is made out of silicone. If you use the lube on it, it'll cause it to deteriorate. You could buy a different based lube, or we can get a plug made of something else."

"Okay... what do you recommend?" George was lost. Who knew there was so much to purchasing sex toys? It's such a complicated procedure.

Dream thought for a moment. "Well, water-based lubes tend to dry out faster and therefore need to be reapplied every so often. Which is fine, but I think it'd be more of an inconvenience to you. As for oil-based, it can dissolve condoms. That isn't an immediate problem for you, but it'd be best to avoid it, just in case." Dream paused for a moment, debating the best choice. "I think you should get a different material for the toy since silicone is the most convenient. Then there's the issue with the material of the plug.

"Silicone, obviously, won't work. Other than that, there's steel, glass, and plastic. The steel, I think might be too heavy. It'll also be cold when you first put it in. The plastic is more for dildos and such. I think glass might be your best bet, but it might be a bit uncomfortable at first. I'm not an expert, though"

"Alright," George said, completely overwhelmed. "Glass plugs it is," he typed it in, immediately feeling bewitched by all the different designs. "I like these ones." George scrolled around, reading all the descriptions. "OMG, Dream, look. These have flowers engraved on the bottom."

"Ooh," Dream said. "Those look nice, you should get one. That one looks good, it's a decent size and it's only \$15." George added the one Dream was referring to and read some of the product reviews. "Yeah, it looks good. Next..." He searched for dildos and scrolled through, reading a few here and there. He stopped and highlighted one. "What about this one, Dream?"

Dream look at the one George highlighted and started reading it. "Large plastic realistic sex toy... Jesus, 12 inches? George!" George laughed, clicking on it for more details.

"It says there are only 9 inches of insertable length." George scrolled through the details, reading some of it. "Wait. That's three inches of balls."

Dream laughed. "George, no, don't get that. Nine inches! What are you gonna do with nine inches

George?"

"What kind of question is that? The same I'd do if it were six inches. Obviously."

"Yeah, okay. Whatever. Go back to the results... Here, this one is better: black dildo 7.5 inches. That one is more practical." Dream was tired. People think buying sex toys is sexy, but it's a lot of work. It's exhausting. "Okay. Are we done? I sent you the extra 25 dollars. Check everything out now."

George bought everything and sighed. Finally. He looked at the time and saw it was late. "Dream, it's three in the morning, I'm going to bed."

"Yeah, I'm tired, too. I might take a nap after I edit the video. Goodnight George, I love you."

George scoffed. "I love you too. Unfortunately."

"What?!" Dream yelled, but George had already left the Team Speak.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and being supportive.

Black Lives Matter

Delivery

Chapter Summary

George's packages come in the mail.

Chapter Notes

Congrats to Dream for 3 million subs.

For this chapter, we're going to ignore the fact that George posted a video the same day Dream posted this video.

This chapter contains NSFW. Please do not read it if you are not 16 years old or older. No disrespect to any of the characters.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George recorded all the packages and sent it to Dream. Dream had asked for his reaction so he could put it in the video. George waited for Dream's confirmation text and looked nervously at his desk.

On his desk sat two small boxes. He'd searched for them before he took the video, making sure he'd gotten them and that the viewers wouldn't accidentally see them when they watched Dream's giveaway. While George was lost in thought, his phone vibrated.

Dream

Nice

Where's the other video?

"What?" George said. His brows furrowed in confusion. What was he talking about?

GeorgeNotFound

What are you talking about?

Dream

Where's my video? The one where you're actually using the stuff I bought you
Don't you think I deserve to see you using them?

GeorgeNotFound

Dream shut up. What are you saying?
I don't even have the computer set up right now

Dream

George, you and I both know what I'm talking about. I want to see your new toys

GeorgeNotFound

No.

Dream

I'm calling you

George was about to protest when he heard the discord call notification coming from his computer. He sat there panicking for a second before getting off his bed and answering Dream. "Hello..." he began.

George heard Dream take a deep breath. "Hey, what's up?"

"What do you mean?" George nervously asked.

Dream sighed. "What's wrong? Why don't you want to show me?" When George remained silent, Dream continued, "Are you nervous?"

"I... It's not that I'm nervous, Dream. I mean, obviously, I am, we haven't done anything like this before- I haven't even seen your face! And now all of a sudden I'm just supposed to fuck myself on camera? I don't want this to change things between us," George looked down when he heard Dream sigh. "I'm sorry Dream, but I don't know if I can."

Dream sighed again and sat up in his chair thinking about what to say. He didn't want George to feel pressured into doing anything he doesn't want to do, but he was also very curious. Finally, he began to speak, "Listen, George. I know this is weird and that you're nervous- and that's okay, you don't have to do anything you don't want to. This is a new experience for both of us. I can promise you that if you do choose to do this now that nothing between us will change. If anything, we'll just grow closer, having done something as intimate as this." George started to protest but Dream interrupted him. "Let me finish, George. This is your decision to make and I'm not forcing you to do anything. Do you want to do this with me? Right now, I mean?"

George thought for a bit. He trusted Dream, he really did, but he was still uncomfortable with the thought of using the toys he got in front of Dream. Sure, the thought of it is fun, but when it comes down to it, it's scary. The thought of laying there all vulnerable and wanting while Dream watched shook George to the core. Dream was right, it was an intimate experience. And that scared George. "I don't know Dream... I really don't know."

"That's okay," Dream smiled sympathetically at George, even though he knew George couldn't see him. "If you don't mind though, I'd still like to see them. You could make it like an unboxing video?"

George laughed, glad the subject changed. "That could be fun, let me turn my camera on." A few seconds later, his face appeared on Dream's screen. George smiled shyly and looked down at his lap, a soft pink brushed across his cheeks. "Hi."

Dream laughed, "Aww, George, you're so cute. I just wanna kiss you," he then proceeded to make kissy sounds at George, who laughed and blushed harder. George cleared his throat and adjusted himself. He reached off to the side and grabbed the boxes. "What? George, you had those there the entire time?" Dream thought George would've hidden them in the furthest corner of his closet or under his bed or something, not just leaving them out in the open like that. Granted they were still in the box, but still!

"Dream, *shoosh*. Be quiet and watch." George took a breath and began. He picked up the first box and showed it to the camera. "So this is the first one. It's the plug. It says it's 3.5 inches long and 2.5 inches wide. That's not too bad, is it? Should I go get a ruler? No wait, I can just look at it and see. Okay, I'm opening the box now." Dream watched, bemused as George struggled with the box a bit before finally opening it. He took out the styrofoam and held the plug in his hands. "What the

hell? It's pink! Why is it pink?" At this, Dream erupted into laughter.

"What do you mean? It said it was pink, there were pictures! I thought you knew," Dream was dying at this point. It was literally pink in the pictures. It even said it in the description!

George put his face in his hands in embarrassment. "I wasn't paying attention. It was late and I was distracted, okay?" he groaned from behind his hands. "The pink isn't bad, is it?"

"Of course not, I thought the pink tint was cute."

"Okay... Well, anyway, here it is. This is the plug, it's a decent size, I think it'll be fine. And this," he said, opening the second box, "is the other one..." George trailed off as he unpacked the dildo and took it out. "Umm, Dream?"

"Yeah?" Dream asked.

George rubbed his arm while staring at the toy, before looking at the camera. "I think this might be too big... I don't know if I'll be able to handle it."

"What?" Dream said. "George, it's like, what, seven inches?"

"Seven and a *half*, Dream. And it's thick. Look!" George held it up so it was closer to the camera. "Should I return it and get a smaller one?"

Dream rubbed his face and leaned back in his chair. "George, it's not even that big. And you're the one who wanted the 9 inches one! If you can't handle seven inches, how are you going to handle me?"

George frowned in confusion. "What? What do you mean?" Dream saw George's eyes widen, "Wait. How big are you?"

"Eight inches."

"WHAT?" George exclaimed. "What the *hell*, Dream? Are you *trying* to kill me?"

"I'm sorry? I don't know what you expected, it's average," Dream honestly didn't expect such a violent reaction from George.

"Average? That's is not average. Average is five inches, Dream!" George realized he was panicking for no reason. He needed to calm down, the last thing he wanted was to make Dream feel self-conscious. "I'm sorry, Dream. I don't know why I overreacted. But eight inches? How did your ex even handle that?"

Dream groaned. "George, I'm 6'2. It's normal. And do you seriously wanna hear about me being with my ex? Really?" This boy was going to be the death of him.

"Well," George said, rubbing his arm again. "Now that I think about it, I'd rather not. Unless you *want* to tell me, that is."

Dream sighed. "You're unbelievable, you know that George?" Dream stretched a bit in his seat. "Moving on, does the dildo have a suction cup at the bottom?"

George looked at the base of the dildo before shaking his head. "It doesn't, but I don't think I would've used it much if it did."

"Alright. Well, that's it for the unboxing, right?" George nodded. "Cool. Have fun with your new

toys, I'm gonna go finish up the video and post it. Is that okay with you?"

George nodded again. "Yeah, sounds good. I might play some Minecraft with Sapnap. Goodbye Dream."

"Bye George," Dream said before George heard the call ending sound. George sighed before going back to his bed and looked at his phone. He scrolled through Twitter for a bit before messaging Sapnap.

GeorgeNotFound

I'm bored. Play bedwars with me

Sapnap

Dude, I can't. I have homework

GeorgeNotFound

;)

Sapnap

I'm almost done though

I just need an hour-ish

GeorgeNotFound

Fine, I'll wait

George started clearing his bed while waiting for Sapnap to finish his homework. He was mostly just moving boxes to the general area where they belonged, unpacking some here and there. He moved the PC boxes to a pile next to his current setup. He was half-way done before his back started aching too bad. He really needed to fix his posture. Bored and aching, he decided to just eat some chocolate raisins and scroll through the comments on Dream's video. He leaned against his bed's headboard, smiling at all the people calling him cute. *I can't wait to see all the edits now that I did a face cam.* He liked some of the comments before watching it himself since he hadn't seen Bad and Sapnap's reactions. As he neared the end of the video, his phone buzzed with a message from Sapnap.

Sapnap

I'm done Georgiepoo

GeorgeNotFound

:)

Get on Hypixel

Getting off of his bed, George blushed as he saw the toys still on his desk. He moved them to the side before logging onto Hypixel, knowing Sapnap was probably already waiting for him. Once he was on, he started a call with Sapnap and went into a bedwars duel.

As he played with Sapnap, his eyes kept drifting towards the toys. At first, it only felt like he was being reminded of their presence in his room, but as the game went on, it began to feel more and more like a constant reminder of his relationship with Dream. He and Dream had been through so much together, as friends and as boyfriends. Dream had to go through his breakup, which broke Dream's heart, being the romantic that he is. But George was there for him. He comforted him and listened to him, being his shoulder to cry on and his friend to rely on. And when Dream and George realized they were pining for each other, with the help of their friends, of course, it was one of the best days of his life. That night, he and Dream had spent hours on the phone talking,

laughing about their own stupidity, and joking about all the times they were blind to the other's advances and their own feelings. But now, his relationship with Dream was evolving. They were getting more serious, more intimate. Intimacy scared George. But it was Dream; he could be vulnerable around him, right?

"Hey man, you alright? You've been sighing a lot," George heard Sapnap say. He blinked, realizing he had zoned off in the middle of the game, nearly walking off into the void.

"Yeah, I'm okay. I'm just a little tired is all. I might head to bed after this game, though." George felt bad for making Sapnap play with him, only for him to leave after a few games.

"That's okay. You sound pretty tired. But let's win this one."

"Yeah," George smiled. "Let's."

After he and Sapnap won the game, George said his goodbyes and logged off. He then moved the remainder of the boxes off his bed and climbed under his covers, sighing at the soft warmth that enveloped him. He snuggled into his pillow and drifted off into a peaceful slumber. He dreamt only of pleasant things: a big, comforting hug, a rich, soothing voice, a smile heard from kilometers away, and a strong chest with a heart of gold. He dreamt of Dream- truly a dream come true.

George awoke with a strange feeling in his chest. He felt so small in his large bed. Cuddled in the middle of it and hugging his pillow, he felt so very alone. He felt this overwhelming longing to be with someone. He subconsciously formed the idea of going to fetch Cat, sitting up to do so, before he saw them.

There, across the room from him, were the toys. Those toys- they sat there taunting him. A taste of what could be. Instead of a piece of plastic, he could have something real, he could have Dream. Dream- who was always so warm and caring to him. Who always made sure George wasn't uncomfortable and always tried to ensure he was safe. He wanted Dream here. No. He needed Dream here. *Dream said they would help me feel closer to him. But I just remember how far he really is.* Making up his mind, George got out of bed and grabbed the dildo off his desk. He sat on his bed again before reaching into his bedside drawer and grabbing his bottle of lube.

Staring at the objects in his hands, he blushed. Nervous of what he was about to do but needing Dream, he slipped under the covers again, eager for the ache of loneliness to part with him. Realizing he was still clothed, he sat up in frustration, pulling his shirt over his head and shoved his pants down and off his legs, leaving his boxers on. He flopped onto his back and tugged his sheets up under his chin, shimmying his boxers off onto his lower thighs.

Desperation overcoming him, he popped the cap off the bottle and covered two of his fingers with the lubricant, moving to lay on his right side, pulling his pillow to his chest. Taking a deep breath, George moved his hand behind himself and braced himself. He slipped a finger into himself, wincing into his pillow. The sound of panting filled the dark room as George worked himself open. He scissored himself with his two fingers, rushing to be done prepping himself. Grabbing the dildo, he quickly slathered it with lube and pressed it against his hole. Groaning, he hugged the pillow tightly against himself and pushed it in.

Panting at the intrusion, his eyes filled with tears. His whole body felt on fire, pain burned behind his eyes. Two fingers were not enough. He should've prepped himself better. But he couldn't stop. He felt so alone. He felt so needy. This was the only way to feel close to Dream. He needed Dream here. The toy was all the way in him now. It felt so foreign to George. Cold and inhuman. Alienating. Nothing like Dream. The pain slowly faded away into a dull ache and George sobbed in frustration. He began moving it in and out of him. It felt good but it could've felt *better*. He wanted

so much more. He wanted Dream.

George continued the rhythm of in-out-in-out, needy, and desperate. He needed to let go. To release himself. Faster, he started panting harder. Finally, his moans filled the room. He whimpered and whined, panting as he was filled by it. All the stress he had spilling out as a moan or a groan. The stress of being so far away, of keeping all his fears to himself, of never letting go. It was liberating, letting all his feelings and desires towards Dream out.

Nearing his release, his mind filled with Dream. His movements became faster, rougher, less precise. He rubbed himself, stomach aching for his release. About to tip over the edge, he sobbed, wiping his tears onto his pillow. All he could say was Dream, all he could think. Dream. Dream. Dream. **Dream.** "Dream," he cried spilling over the edge. He sobbed into his pillow, his need for his boyfriend overwhelming him. He pulled the toy out and wiped his hand on his sheets. As his last tears spilled out, he slipped into another deep sleep.

Staring at his bare ceiling, George blinked a bit before accepting that he had to get up. He turned onto his side and looked at the mess from last night, recalling his turmoil. He sighed, tying a text out to Dream before moving to take a shower. Taking his time to pick his outfit, he chose an oversized dark blue sweatshirt and black pajama bottoms. The sweater made him feel better, the extra space acting like a hug from the universe, and the pajama bottoms were soft and comforted him when it felt like everything was against him. Hanging his outfit on the hooks in the bathroom, George stepped into the shower and took a relaxing, hot shower. He came out fully clothed and hair towel-dried and fluffy. He checked his phone to see if Dream had replied and sighing when there wasn't a notification. Dream was probably still asleep, it was only 5 a.m. in Florida. George pulled the covers and sheets off his bed and put them into the laundry basket. He'd wash them later. He grabbed clean, new sheets and a grey duvet from the closet in the corridor and remade his bed, flopping onto it when he was done.

He basked in the sunlight streaming in from between his curtains for a while before deciding to stand in the balcony. On his way there, he brewed himself a cup of coffee. He leaned against the railing and drank it while looking over the city. He sighed and contemplated life for a bit, waiting for Dream to reply. When George went in for breakfast around noon, Dream messaged him: "Join TS"

George set his empty mug on the counter and returned to his desk, having barely opened up Team Speak before he was moved into a channel. "Hey George, are you alright?" Dream's voice greeted him, still heavy with sleep.

"Yeah, I'm alright, I didn't mean to alarm you-"

Dream cut him off. "George, you said 'I need to talk to you' and it sounded serious. Are you really alright?"

George sighed. "I'm fine now. It's just, last night was weird. I felt really desperate and I kept thinking of you. I don't know what came over me, but I just missed you so much. No matter what I did- it felt like it was never enough. I got really upset that you were so far and I..." George paused, uncertain of how to explain it. "I don't know what was wrong with me."

"I'm sorry you had to go through that alone. You should've texted me so I wouldn't feel that far. I love you, George. Nothing was wrong with you, long-distance relationships are hard. I'm always here for you, even if it doesn't feel like it." Dream frowned, upset that his boyfriend had to go through all that. He wished he could give George a hug.

"You're right. I should've texted you when I started feeling like that. But it was all so sudden. It's like I was possessed or something. Before I knew what was going on, I was crying out your name and sobbing into my pillow. But I feel a lot better now." He was glad he was talking to Dream, feeling a lot better than last night, now that Dream was here.

Sighing, Dream rubbed his face, still a bit tired. "It's great that you're feeling better. But what did you mean 'crying out' my name?"

George flushed, embarrassed that he told Dream. "I told you, I was really desperate. And you said it would make me feel closer to you! I had to try to get rid of the feeling *somehow!*"

Dream blinked, his brain still foggy from sleep. "Closer to you?" He muttered. "What?" He tried to remember when he said that when it finally clicked. "Oh. Oh! You used the dildo. Did it work? Did it help you feel better?" Dream smiled at the thought that George called out for *him* when he was most vulnerable.

George cleared his throat still a bit embarrassed. "It did, but it also didn't. It made me want you here even more but somehow it felt like you were. I don't know how to explain it, but it helped me relieve a lot of my stress and worries."

"Well," Dream said. "It doesn't sound like the best first experience, but at least it proved to be useful, right?"

George smiled. "Yeah, it wasn't a great first time, but that's okay." Dream hummed in agreement and they sat in comfortable silence for a while. "Oh!" George broke the silence. "By the way, Dream. I've been thinking, and I think I should do it."

"It?" Dream asked.

George nodded. "I know I was nervous before, but I think it might help me. At first, I was scared of how intimate it was, but now I just need to feel closer to you. I want you to watch me."

Dream coughed. "You certainly know how to set a mood. Right now?"

George blushed. "Now's as good a time as any, right?" He said nervously.

"Yeah. Just, give me a minute. I just woke up. I have to brush my teeth, shower, all that. I'll be back in a minute, is that okay?" Dream asked, not wanting to leave his boyfriend alone.

"It's fine. We need to switch over to Discord anyways, and I need to start up my laptop. Message me on Discord and I'll call you from my laptop." George still had to collect himself, so he was grateful Dream asked for a minute. He started up his laptop and opened Discord before moving to his bed, turning on his camera so he could get the angle and everything right. Once his laptop was correctly positioned, he turned the camera off and went to get everything else ready. He found the dildo on the floor, picking it up and rinsed it off in the bathroom sink to get rid of any grime or residue from last night. He set both the dildo and the lube on his bedside table and waiting nervously for Dream to finish, playing with the ends of his sleeves. Thinking a bit, George hunted in his many boxes for the AirPods, putting them in and connecting them to his laptop. That way, he'd be able to hear Dream better and Dream would hear him clearly.

After another few minutes of waiting, Dream messaged George, telling him he was ready. George took a deep breath and pressed the video call button, connecting almost immediately. George waved, "Hi, Dream," he said nervously.

"Hey, George," he heard Dream through his earphones. "Are you ready?"

George nodded, pulling at his sleeves nervously. He bit his bottom lip and slowly lifted his sweatshirt over his head, revealing his pale body. He cast it to the side of his bed and pulled his knees up to his chest, practically shaking with nerves. He lifted his hips and slid his boxers off along with his bottoms. He wrapped his arms around his legs, taking a shaky breath. "Aww, George," he heard Dream say. "You don't have to hide yourself; you're beautiful." George smiled slightly before slowly unwrapping his arms and letting his feet slide a bit down the bed. He took another breath before reaching for the bottle, popping the cap off, this time making sure to coat three of his fingers.

He shuffled around a bit so that only his upper back was against the headboard. "Dream?" He whispered. George waited until he heard Dream hum. He shook his head. "Nothing, just wanted to make sure you were there." And then he carefully began to spread his legs. He blushed and looked away when he heard Dream breath in sharply.

Dream watched as George's hand glided down his smooth body to his hole. He started to breathe more heavily. George was just beautiful. When George's first finger slipped in and he heard his moan, Dream couldn't help it anymore. He showered George with praise. "You're so beautiful, George. I love you so much. You're doing so well. So pretty laying there." George was practically glowing from Dream's words. He added his second finger and began a scissoring motion. Dream was melting from all the sounds George was making.

George panted as he scissored himself, making sure to be kinder to his body this time. He felt his muscles stretch to accommodate his fingers and decided it was time to insert the third and last finger into himself. He whimpered a bit at the stretch, his other hand moving to rest on his stomach. Remembering that Dream was there watching him, he mewled and grabbed the duvet in his fist, panting harder, making sure he was putting on a show. And it worked, he heard Dream take a deep breath and smiled. "Dream," he moaned.

Finally feeling like he was prepped enough, he pulled his fingers out and wiped them on his thigh. He reached for the dildo and poured a healthy amount of lube onto it. He wanted to make a joke, but it felt out of place. George brought the tip of the toy against himself and pushed it in, breathing heavily. As more of it entered him, he slid down the headboard, his back now fully against the mattress. He panted a bit when he felt the base of the dildo against his hole. He stopped, his chest heaving, and let himself get used to the stretch. "Dream?" He called out.

"George..." Dream replied, breathing heavily from the beautiful sight in front of him. "You're doing so well, taking it so good, can't wait until we're together. You alright?"

George nodded, "Just need a second to breathe." He began to move the toy methodically and moaned. It felt so different with Dream here. Here he was, spread out in front of Dream and moaning for him. *Dream is watching*, he thought. His face flushed at the thought. He draped an arm over his eyes in embarrassment and continued thrusting the dildo into himself, whimpering when it went in deeper.

Dream pouted, sad that George was covering himself. "George, I wanna see your face." Dream watched as George reluctantly moved his arm off his face and looked at the camera, his want clear on his face. "Try tilting it up a bit," he suggested. George frowned in confusion but did still do as he was told. He tilted the toy upwards and moved it back in. His back arched as it scraped against his prostate, breath becoming laboured.

"Ahh, Dream," he moaned. "Ahh." George kept hitting his prostate, his soft *ah*'s filling the room and he started moving it faster. His moans, practically right in Dream's ears, were torturous. "Ahh... Dream... feels so good, ahh." He kept whimpering as he pleasured himself in front of Dream. He

was filled with warmth, melting from all of Dream's praise. He felt so vulnerable and open, but Dream made it better. He made George feel loved and wanted and it was those feelings that pushed George to the edge. "*Dream... ahh... I wanna... ahh.. I need to come... ahh,*" he groaned.

Fuck. Dream thought. His boyfriend was too cute for his own good. George's moans were driving him crazy. "Come for me, then," he ordered.

George whimpered at Dream's tone, coming undone at Dream's command. "*Ahhh... Dream!*" his back arched, moaning as he came without touching himself. He panted hard as he tried to calm down. His hair was pasted against his forehead with sweat and his pale body was slick with sweat and his own seed.

"How are you feeling, George?" He heard from his earphones.

George gave Dream a stupid grin. "That was nice. Thank you for doing this with me."

Dream's heart went soft, then exploded when he saw George close his eyes with a cute smile. "George. Thank you for trusting me." George smiled some more and sat up.

"I'm a bit parched. I'm going to get a glass of water and clean up, don't go anywhere." George stood up, and grabbed the sweater off his bed. He went into the bathroom and wiped his off his stomach, taking the time to splash his face with some cold water to cool down. He slipped the sweater on, along with the boxers he picked off the ground and headed to the kitchen. In the kitchen, he saw Cat eating the remainder of the food he set out for him this morning. Smiling, he bent down to scratch him behind the ear before filling a glass with cold water. He picked up Cat and brought him and the glass with him to his room. "Look who came to say hello Dream?" He showed Cat off to the camera and pet him, giving him small kisses on his forehead.

"Where's my kiss, George?" Dream whined. George laughed and continued kissing the struggling Cat, trying to make Dream jealous. Dream smiled at his adorable babies. "It's okay George, I still love you, even if you won't give me any kisses," Dream said, pretending to be sad.

George cuddled under his sheets with Pooper and talked to Dream for a bit. All things considered, George was glad his relationship with Dream was stronger now. And Dream, well, let's just say he was able to relieve himself when George had gone to get water.

Chapter End Notes

This was a lot longer and more plot-heavy than I thought I would make it. But this was the flow I was getting. Would you guys like me to make an alternative part 2 that is just short and dirty like I had originally intended?

Also, I felt bad for what I did to George so I gave him comfy clothes and a balcony.

Happy Pride month! ❤